ABELARD TO ELOISA.

AN EPISTLE.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,

SONNETS.

WITH A

RHAPSODY

WRITTEN AT

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

FIT AUDIENCE FIND. MILTON.

BY THOMAS WARWICK,

Late of University-College, in Oxford, LL. B.

BATH:

PRINTED BY R. CRUTTWELL:

AND SOLD BY

C. DILLY, POULTRY; AND R. FAULDER, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON.

M DCC LXXXIII.

ASHLAND TO ILOILO.

SONNETS

BY THOMAS WARTON.

PRINTED BY R. CRUTTWELL,

FOR J. DODSLEY, POULTRY; AND R. FAULDER, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE author being induced to make public the following pieces, thinks it neceſſary at the ſame time to inform the generality of readers who may take up the pamphlet, that they are not to expect in them the faſhionable topics of the day, or the highly ornamented ſtile and manner of many late publications.

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THE author being induced to make public the following pieces, thinks it necessary [illegible] to inform the generality of readers who may [illegible] pamphlet, that they are not to expect in them the fashionable topics of the day, or the highly ornamented style and manner of many late publications.

BRITISH MUSEUM

SONNETS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ADVERTISEMENT

To the SONNETS.

THE example of PETRARCH, and the authority of BOILEAU, might of themſelves ſerve to give a decided ſuperiority to the Sonnet over all the ſmaller kinds of poetry; in extent of ſubject equally comprehenſive with the Ode, and in its deſign more uniform and ſimple; more varied in the arrangement of its numbers than the Elegy, but equally flowing, and pathetic. Poſſeſſed of ſuch advantages, what a loſs muſt Engliſh poetry ſuſtain in being declared incapable of, or at leaſt improper for that ſpecies of compoſition? Yet ſuch is apparently the wiſh, and opinion of a late celebrated critic by the concluſion of his ſhort remarks on the ſonnets of MILTON.

"The fabric of a Sonnet, however adapted to the Italian lan-
"guage, has never ſucceeded in ours, which having greater variety
"of terminations requires the rhymes to be often changed."

Dr. Johnſon's Life of Milton.

It is certain that all Italian terminations of rhyme are graceful, but ſurely there are many of the Engliſh harſh, and inadmiſſible, which will perhaps reduce the variety of ours to nearly the ſame ſtandard.

With all deference to ſo reſpectable, and diſtinguiſhed a name in the republic of letters, (for I believe even Doctor JOHNSON would not have it a monarchy) I muſt obſerve that the only argument which he uſes to confirm his aſſertion, even admitting the fact on which he grounds it, is far from concluſive.

The

The ſeemingly corroborating circumſtance of the ſublime, and unfettered genius of a MILTON not having ſubmitted with grace to the ſhackles of a ſonnet will make but little in favour of the above proſcription.

It is true, that the ſonnet has been intirely neglected by thoſe of our latter poets, who have been moſt remarkable for eaſe, and graceſulneſs; that it has failed in the hands of ſome others through their fondneſs for the manner and expreſſion of the firſt writers who introduced it into this country, which to a modern reader have given it an air of quaintneſs, and affectation; but above all, that its rules, and limitations have been little attended to. Yet more than one inſtance of ſucceſs, where the above errors have been avoided, might eaſily be produced, (ſuch as that of Mr. EDWARDS, on the Hermitage at WREST) which at the time they prove the poſſibility of adapting our language to the ſonnet, will be the beſt commentary to the ſentiments

timents de BOILEAU upon that ſubject, which I ſhall at my own peril ſubmit to the reader.

——— ——— Apollon———

Inventa du Sonnet les rigoureuſes loix;

Voulut, qu'en deux Quatrains, de meſure pareille,
La Rime avec deux ſons frappât huit fois l'oreille,
Et qu'enſuite, ſix Vers artiſtement rangés,
Fuſſent en deux Tercets par le ſens partagés.

Sur tout de ce Poëme il bannit la licence:

Lui-même en meſura le nombre & la cadence:
Défendit qu'un Vers foible y pût jamais entrer;
Ni qu'un mot déja mis oſât s'y remontrer.

Du reſte il l'enrichit d'une beauté ſuprême.

Un Sonnet ſans défauts vaut ſeul un long Poëme.

L'Art Poetique, Livre II.

BATH, 1783.

SONNET

SONNET I.

Addreſſed to R. P. CAREW, Eſq.

TO climb at early dawn the mountain's ſide,
Ere devious herds have bruſh'd the dews away,
Be mine: at noon amid yon elms to ſtray,
Whoſe artleſs tufts the cooling current hide:
Mine from the purple heath's horizon wide
To trace the ſplendours of reclining day,
Until the moon my homeward path to guide
Diſtain the foreſt-edge with ſilver-grey.
And if ſuch ſcenes the riſing ſoul expand,
The flutter'd heart if ſimple bliſs becalm,
Where nature cloſelier knits the ſocial tie,
No light addition ſhould my CAREW's hand
With equal friendſhip's animating balm
To letter'd eaſe the place of fame ſupply.

SONNET II.

Written at Piercefield in Monmouthshire.

PIERCEFIELD! the choice of Gods, if earthly crime
Had yet forborn to tempt celestial ire,
Whose bowers have nurs'd the themes of ancient rhyme,
Whose caves resounded to the druid-lyre;
Bold as thy forests, as thy rocks sublime,
Could verse reflect the raptures they inspire,
Her voice superior to the rage of time
Might call on endless ages to admire.
But short the reign of art—for see below
Her darkling veil the pallid ivy throw
Around the grass-grown abbey's* roofless wall;
And yon tall cliff, whose summit lifted high
The banner'd castle's† warlike symmetry,
Mock from his edge the fragments as they fall.

* Tintern-Abbey. † Chepstow-Castle.

SONNET

SONNET III.

To the author of the dramatic poem of CARACTACUS.

LO! at the poet's call from ancient night
Druid, and patriot-bard, and chieftain brave,
Who bent on freedom, or a glorious grave,
To veteran arms oppos'd their native might;
When paſt the cliffs, that break the Belgic wave,
The Julian eagles wing'd a bolder flight
To reach the bound where THULE's icy cave
Reflects the doubtful ſun's declining light.
Yet, MASON! yet another taſk remains
To fill the trump of ALBION's early fame;
Be thine to paint ſuperior to his chains
The captive Prince before the Claudian throne,
While Rome beholds with tributary ſhame
The lofty port of virtue once her own.

SONNET

SONNET IV.

To a LADY.

ACCEPT, fair patriot! from the Muſe's hand
This myrtle-crown with roſes interleav'd——
This ſtretch'd on yonder cliff thy poet weav'd,
Imbower'd by rocks, by riſing breezes fann'd;
Mean time his eye the boundleſs ocean ſcann'd,
Whoſe waves with pauſing ſound his ear reliev'd,
And fancy dwelt on naval palms atchiev'd
By ſeagirt ALBION's tutelary band.
Nor thou reject, however rudely twin'd,
Thoſe native emblems of thy face, and mind,
Nor ſcorn the verſe which honeſt warmth inſpires;
For well thou know'ſt that art can ill controul
The wild luxuriance of a Britiſh ſoul,
When freedom animates, and beauty fires.

SONNET

SONNET V.

TO paint the morn diffus'd on yonder cheek,
And catch the noon-beam iſſuing from that eye,
Or with that form to make the marble vie—
Such let a REYNOLDS, or a WILTON ſeek:
Powerleſs, whate'er ſhe feel, their force to ſpeak
The wondering Muſe ſhall wait in ſilence by,
Till either art with a deſponding ſigh
Reſign the ſteel, and own the pencil weak.
But ſhould heaven will ſome forming hand divine
To bid one finiſh'd piece at length outſhine
The worſhip'd ſtar of Medicean fame,
Still may the poet with reflected pride,
By beauty leſs than virtue dignify'd,
In ſocial ſtrains a CAVENDISH proclaim.

SONNET VI.

To the Earl of CARLISLE, then Viceroy of Ireland.

WHO hath not heard, by after-poets told,
How through deſerted rocks, and barren ſand,
Torn from the dying maſter's tuneleſs hand,
Down Thracian ſtreams the lyre of ORPHEUS roll'd?
The Muſe beheld—nor mindleſs that of old
Her infant ſtrains the riſing city plann'd,
Exalted fair among the ſtarry band
The plaſtic ſhell renew'd in heavenly mold.
IERNE'S HARP a like attention claims,
Which now her willing hand ſubmits to thine,
O muſe-lov'd HOWARD, firſt of Engliſh names!
'Tis thine to raiſe her injur'd ſtrings anew,
Till, every laſting glory call'd in view,
Admiring ages hail the work DIVINE.

SONNET

SONNET VII.

Written at AVIGNON in the ſouth of France.

ENCHANTING lute! that touch'd by fancy's hand
Haſt oft beguil'd my ſolitary way,
Since ill at eaſe I left my native land
Through foreign ſcenes with heedleſs ſteps to ſtray,
As pauſe we now, where love's inventive band
With martial trumpets mix'd the Muſe's lay,
Where manners ſoften'd at her mild command,
To names rever'd what offering ſhall we pay?
Nor ſhould thy voice ineloquently ſound,
Did not the poet's art, ſince EMMA frown'd,
And lover's hope in ſympathy decay;
For once it knew to pleaſe a brighter maid
Than yet VALCLUSA's* thick-impending ſhade
Sequeſter'd panting from the noon-tide ray.

* The fountain of Petrarch, near Avignon.

SONNET

SONNET VIII.

On revisiting the University of Oxford.

AGAIN I trace from Cherwell's willowy side
Yon Gothic towers with peaceful trophies hung,
Whose circling groves the varied scene divide,
Where many a sage hath mus'd, and poet sung;
While recent memory prompts from every side
The wonted accents of her infant tongue,
Shall silence here the Muse's transport hide,
Where first her vocal harp she fondly strung?
Scenes of my youth! when fancy's quickening power
Endear'd the lonely walk, the social hour,
O! could your placid influence now remove
The restless inmates of a feeling frame;
The tempter luxury, the tyrant love,
And direr far the sacred thirst of fame!

SONNET

SONNET IX.

Addreſſed to the Genius of a rock.

UNSHAKEN Power! that ſeeſt from upper air
The various changes of the circling main,
When vernal ſkies evoke the zephyr-train,
Or wintry gales their giant-vans prepare;
Ah! never from thy rocky throne refrain
To make the ſtranded mariner thy care;
So lightning's aye thy forky ſummit ſpare,
And waves aſſail thy ſteepy ſides in vain!
So ſkill'd in numerous ſong the Muſe's lyre
Still charm at cloſing eve thy Nereid-quire
With feet and voice reſponſive to the ſhell!
So faery-tapers chaſe the miſty night,
And dolphin-born quaint Ariel's buxom ſprite
With wilder notes thy moon-light echo ſwell!

SONNET X.

Written during a long voyage at ſea.

THREE moons are paſs'd, and quickly to decline
The fourth ſuſpends her middle lamp in heaven,
Since ſtay'd by calms, by countering tempeſts driven,
I ceaſe to view the female form divine;
For this, my chief delight, I moſt repine,
Though many a dying groan my heart have riven,
And many a corſe devoted to the brine
The dread alarm to fellow-victims given.
Him too, that bending o'er the veſſel's ſide,
With penſive eye ſurveys the ripling tide,
If mark'd as once fond paſſion's future prey——
May diſtant love lament his early doom!
The cot my winding-ſheet, the wave my tomb,
The paſſing gale my monumental lay!

SONNET

SONNET XI.

Written at BATH.

THE winding grace of AVON's faery tide,
Her cliffs abrupt, and meads of lively green,
Her villas glittering from the mountain-ſide,
And tufted bowers, and garden ſlopes between;
Nor theſe, nor yon gay domes, with rapture eyed,
When health and pleaſure crown'd the careleſs ſcene,
Can gild this boſom's dark and dreary void,
While ſickneſs dims AMANDA's alter'd mien:
Yet flatters hope, or from that halcyon brow,
Where ſhines the ſoul ſuperior, and ſerene,
The ſcatter'd ſhades of pain and languor fly;
Elſe o'er thoſe eyes the veil of fancy throw,
The form of anguiſh for a while to ſkreen,
And cheat the friend with viſionary joy.

SONNET

SONNET XII.

Written at a ſmall country-houſe in Cornwall.

Cauſa fuit pater his!—— Hor.

IN theſe neglected walls a father's day
Serenely clos'd, unconſcious of a ſtain,
Whom all unknown to fame's unequal ſtrain
Reflection's ſweeter voice did well repay.
Nor thou, his lov'd retreat, of fate complain,
Whoſe praiſe may laſt while prouder ſcenes decay,
Where native floods the painted arch diſdain,
And pagod-ſpires their ſhivering pomp diſplay.
Nor, had the plunder'd Eaſt her ſpoils reſign'd,
And mimic Ganges through thy paſtures roll'd,
Might haply peace have ſooth'd the maſter's mind,
Or late reflection lent his death a ſmile;
Nor could his weeping ſon the coſtly pile
With equal joy, or gratitude behold.

SONNET XIII.

To a Friend.

FILL high the glaſs, nor loſe in vain debate
(Alike to us whatever party ſway)
The few, the fleeting hours aſſign'd by fate
To love and wine with ſocial freedom gay:
Let Fox or SHELBURNE rule their little day;
Not our's, thank heaven! to mend a crazy ſtate,
Doom'd like ourſelves to periſh ſoon or late,
But when, dear CHARLES, let older ſtateſmen ſay,
Thee ſprightly CLOE's artleſs ſmiles provoke
*Whole from the ſpur, unconſcious of the yoke,
And ſkittiſh ſtill to every touch but thine——
Me three long months in ſilken bonds inſnare
The ſtarry treſſes of EMILIA's hair,
And ſnowy limbs of ſymmetry divine.

* Nondum ſubactâ &c. HOR.

SONNET XIV.

To a Lady sailing for the West-Indies.

FROM heaven's pure arch may radiant HESPER smile!
Light o'er the deck let orient breezes play,
That owes ELIZA* to her native isle
By duty call'd from weeping friends away!
Mean time reflection shall her hours beguile,
And conscious hope anticipate the day,
When manly fondness shall her love repay,
Endear'd by dangers past and present toil.
Yet may not all her wishes onward fly,
But fondly trace with oft-reverted eye
Where British shores the northern billows spurn—
And think while smoothly o'er the deep she glides,
The hour advances as the wave divides,
When friendship's voice shall hail her blest return.

* Navis quæ tibi creditum
Debes Virgilium.—— HOR.

RHAPSODY.

Written at Stratford-upon-Avon.

O firſt and boldeſt of the tuneful throng
That drew from nature's ſource the powers of ſong!
If from the orb of ſome propitious ſtar
Serenely gliding at the cloſe of day,
Thy ſpirit love to tread this hallow'd ground
Which ſaw thy birth and hail'd thy virgin lay,
Let not unmark'd a youthful ſuppliant kneel,
Immortal SHAKESPEARE! He with infant zeal
Thy flights rever'd, and worſhipp'd from afar,
His moral guide to life's uncertain bound,
The child of fancy by the virtues crown'd,

Unrivall'd yet on earth! however GREECE
Exalt her fathers of poetic lore;
Whatever ROME's high boaſt, when new to peace
Her arts conceal'd that freedom was no more;

Far

Far leſs by thoſe their heirs of later days,
With all the ſelf-plum'd tribe of modern GAUL,
Whoſe powder'd critics join at faſhion's call
To mock with feeble light thy noon-tide rays.

Nor THINE with ſervile efforts to retrace
What arts of elder times had made their own,
Selected features of ideal grace
In breathing paint, or Promethean ſtone,
Or verſe that time reſpects, and worlds admire.
Self-rich in nature's elemental ſtore,
Perennial fountain! unexhauſted mine!
THINE, like a GOD, with abſolute controul
To ſway the movements of the various ſoul,
O'erleap the walls of empyrean fire,
And ſketch with mortal hand the vaſt deſign.

ABELARD

TO

ELOISA.

AN EPISTLE.

ABELARD

TO

ELOISA.

AN EPISTLE.

ABELARD

ADVERTISEMENT

To the EPISTLE.

THE diſadvantage, under which a poem muſt labour in anſwer to one, that has been ſo long conſidered as the maſter-piece in its kind of modern poetry, obliges the author to ſay ſomething of the motive by which he was induced to undertake it.

Notwithſtanding the ſuperior ſkill of Mr. Pope to ſelect, and to embelliſh, there ſtill remained untouched many ſtriking parts of the original correſpondence of thoſe unfortunate, and celebrated lovers, which on account of the different ſex, and ſituation of ABELARD, could not be ſo well appropriated to the pen of ELOISA.

The

The temptation thrown in his way by the above muſt be the plea for the writer's preſumption in entering on a career in which every other candidate has failed.

He ſhall only add, that to thoſe paſſages he is indebted for the principal merit, as well as the groundwork of this performance; conſcious at the ſame time of having ſpared no efforts to make it worthy the public acceptance as the anſwer to an Epiſtle, which has conferred ſo much honour on our language and country.

BATH, 1783.

ABELARD

ABELARD

TO

ELOISA.

OPLEDG'D to Heaven! for whom I wiſh to prove
The pureſt ardours of fraternal love!
Had Abelard the cruel chance foreknown,
That mingles now thy ſorrows with his own,
The ſoften'd tale, to other hands aſſign'd,
Had veil'd the weakneſs of the writer's mind,
Nor dwelt on woes to ſoothe another's care,
That mock complaint, and juſtify deſpair.

Yes:—though the fountain of my tears be dry,

And harden'd grief forget the riſing ſigh,

Ev'n yet thy charms the latent wound inflame,

And paſſion throbs at ELOISA's name;

Remembrance trims her faded lamp anew,

And torpid nature quickens at the view.

O PLEDG'D to Heaven! for whom I with to prove

Still on the croſs thy ſtedfaſt looks I fee!

Still hear thoſe lips abjure the world and me!

Unheeded time through endleſs orbs might roll,

Nor raze the ſad memorials from my ſoul,

When fix'd at length my jealous eye ſurvey'd

The parting victim by myſelf betray'd:

How wiſh'd I then thy firmneſs leſs diſcreet,

And envied Heaven the penitential tear!

How ſoon perceiv'd my weak reſolves expire
In vain regret, and impotent deſire!

Reverſe the ſtile, the ſpecious titles blot,
Nor load with ill-match'd terms a wretch's lot;
Call not thy guide who led thee firſt to ſhame,
Nor grace the ſpoiler with a father's name;
A brother but by mutual guilt allied,
And leſs a lover than a parricide——
For never ſure could ſubtleſt hatred prove
A deadlier foe than my capricious love.

If yet on waves of mortal paſſion toſt,
The female heart lament the title loſt,

Still

Still may the voice that lur'd that heart astray,
Now strive to fix it in a better way,
Teach thy frail sex a more exalted aim,
And change an earthly for an heavenly claim.
Nor need of language, could her eyes survey
This alter'd form, of constant grief the prey,
Perchance to Eloisa's self unknown
Might Abelard his present fate bemoan.
No longer his, each early boast resign'd,
The graceful person, or the gifted mind,
The wreaths of fancy cull'd in honour's youth,
And manly palms of scientific truth.
These persecution, causeless, and unjust,
Hath doom'd long since to wither in the dust.

When

When plung'd in lonely wilds, his laſt retreat,
He fled the fair, the learned, and the great,
Where harraſs'd nature, with the world at ſtrife,
Might paſs the ling'ring dregs of loathſome life,
And ſhield beneath religion's awful name
Deſpairing love, and unexampled ſhame.

Nor hard the taſk, each ſource of paſſion dead,
To fly the world that ELOISA fled.—
With lighten'd heart I bent the votive knee,
And ſought from Heaven the peace I loſt in thee.
Some guardian ſpirit from the fields of day,
With purer balm thy ſorrows might allay;
Some future hope this alter'd boſom warm,
And earthly grief aſſume a milder form.

And ſure if any ſcene below the ſky
Could wean the ſoul from every worldly tie,
If want of all the vacant heart admires
Could urge to nobler flights her low deſires,
The wretch, who turns the wheel of hope and fear,
Might find his empty toil ſuſpended here,*
Nor farther aſk of much-offended Heaven
Than ſome lone hours to weep, and be forgiven.

Miſtaking man! who thinks in ſhades to find
The charms that lull the long-impaſſion'd mind;
Or dreams the cloiſter'd cell alone ſecure
From common woes that all his race endure.

* The Abbey of St. Gildas in Britanny, where Abelard reſided as Principal.

Ye rugged hills unbleſs'd by nature's care!
Ye plains unconſcious of the labouring ſhare!
Deſerted glens whence iſſuing to the day
The ſhaggy tenant ſeeks a diſtant prey!
Unſightly cliffs within whoſe cavern'd ſides
Her talon'd young the ſcreaming vulture hides!
Ye ſeas that rock the ſolitary tower,
Where licens'd demons wake the midnight hour,
In ſunleſs caves the rites of hell perform,
And wait the miſchiefs of the riſing ſtorm!
In your deſpite an abſent world retains
Her joyleſs ſlaves in ſublunary chains,
Or groſs debauch, and ſullen ſloth combine,
To check remorſe, and quench the ray divine.

For

For as the maniac in his ſordid cell
Will oft on fancied thrones and ſceptres dwell;
So they, ſad exiles from the ſocial kind,
As falſely rate the toys they left behind.

In vain remonſtrance lends her feeble aid,
They ſcorn the doctrine, and the guide upbraid.
" Doſt thou," they cry, " aſſume the paſtor's rod?
" Behold the frontleſs delegate of God!
" In other climes thy forward zeal be ſhewn,
" And preach where ABELARD is yet unknown;
" Or baniſh'd hence to Paraclete remove,
" Where maids may melt, and heretics approve."
While keener ſome the veteran's ſhaft inflame,
And point reproach with ELOISA's name.

Wild

Wild at the ſound to ſolitude I fly,
And meet the form familiar to my eye:——
She comes refulgent in her former charms!
The ſpouſe of Heaven is render'd to my arms!
Her voice I hear, on ABELARD ſhe calls,
And waves to Paraclete's neglected walls.
Yet, O forbear! thoſe fatal ſmiles conceal,
And not the woman, but the ſaint reveal;
The claſping hands, the ſcatter'd locks, diſplay,
And ſtreaming tears by angels wip'd away.
The head that bows to mercy's awful ſhrine,
The glance that melts with charity divine,
The grateful burſt of penitence forgiven,
And aſpect radiant with the beams of Heaven!

Till pure and candid as the robes they wear,
Her veſtal-charge th' inſpiring rapture ſhare,
With clearer anthems hail the Saviour's throne,
And pant for grace with ardours not their own.
That, where ſecluded nature loves to pour
The limpid current through the myrtle bower,
While, oft as Heſper leads the ſtarry throng,
Spontaneous harps the cloſing ſtrain prolong,
Deſcending Gods the reſcued ſpot may ſhew,
Where roſe in wilds a Paradiſe below.

From ſcenes like theſe when ELOISA's ſoul
In heavenly trance aſpires above the pole,
When every mortal care is lull'd to reſt,
And fervent hope expatiates with the bleſt;

O! ſhut

O! ſhut at once for ever from thy ſight,
Whoſe preſence might alloy the pure delight,
With prayers compleat the work too late begun,
Purſue the ſetting, meet the riſing ſun;
Renounce the wiſh reflected by thy own,
Abjure the verſe, that fame conſpir'd to crown,
Whoſe ſyren lure may future hearts engage,
Whoſe living embers warm a diſtant age;
Whoſe ſpecious ſounds the baneful charm atteſt,
And glide with guilt into the virgin's breaſt.

Yet ſure when infant love the tints prepar'd
To paint the bliſs that ELOISA ſhar'd,
Ev'n reaſon's ſelf could little find to blame,
So like to virtue ſeem'd the growing flame;

While

While blended arts the ſtudious hour beguil'd,
And ſoften'd ſcience on our union ſmil'd.
Content to pleaſe, not emulous to ſhine,
The lover's language flow'd from rapture's ſhrine,
Nor ſtoop'd the poet to the flatterer's part,
Anxious to win, but not corrupt the heart;
Nor raſhly prais'd external charms alone,
In whoſe rich mold ſuperior beauty ſhone.
For ne'er could empty form without a ſoul
Allure his ſenſes, or his wiſh controul,
Or e'er till thine the glance of fond deſire
Ought elſe of paſſion than contempt inſpire:
And never yet his inborn candour try'd
To range the powers of verſe on falſehood's ſide;

And

And wide aſtray from truth and nature driven
Soil with a lye the faireſt gift of Heaven.

O treacherous moments, ſhort and inſecure!
O ſum of bliſs, too powerful to endure!
When all on earth was ours, for love was all,
And waken'd ſenſe obey'd the maſter's call;
When firſt we felt from infant years untry'd,
Through every nerve the ſtings of tranſport glide!
That melting voice with accents ever new,
The roſeat lip impearl'd with living dew,
The dazzling front of animated ſnow,
Where auburn ringlets ſhed a ſofter glow;
The ſpeaking bluſh, the quick voluptuous eye,
Which ſummon'd nature to returning joy;

That form, the pride of earth, where dwelt alone
The mutual heart congenial to my own;
The faith, which proffer'd worlds had vainly try'd,
And ſcarce can Heaven with ABELARD divide;—
All, all, are loſt! Reflection too ſhould die,
And tranſient as the bliſs the phantom fly.

Too ſoon philoſophy reſign'd her throne,
And left the tyrant love to reign alone;
No more our minds abſtracted depths explore,
Nor tread the maze of metaphyſic lore;
To vacant ſchools the ſtagirite returns,
And bluſhing ſenſe the page of Plato ſpurns;
Unpriz'd alike the tablets that inſhrine
The ſimpler eloquence of truths divine.

Then fierce reſtraint and difficulty came,
Impatient abſence, and unmanly ſhame,
The ceaſeleſs rack of unallay'd deſires,
And diſappointment ſcorch'd with inward fires;
Inglorious luſt to nobler feelings dead,
And vigour ſunk in ſloth's unſeemly bed;
Remorſe that dyes with blood the fruitleſs tear;
The veil remov'd——and vengeance in the rear.

Then periſh'd hope, and from that baleful hour
Diſclaim'd by nature I renounce her power;
Unfelt to me the vernal ſuns ariſe,
Or tempeſts agitate the wintry ſkies;
The breathing world a blank;——Yet, mortal! ſtay;
At length reſume thy reaſon's boaſted ſway:

Waſt thou for this elect of grace ordain'd
The prop of faith in wretched youth profan'd,
To check from heaven the ſelf-deſcending gueſt,
And quell repentance in the guilty breaſt?
The vaniſh'd ſcenes of mortal love recall,
And bid once more thine ELOISA fall?
To me, juſt Heaven! the lifted bolt confine;—
The weakneſs her's—the guilt was only mine;
By me in earlieſt years to ſhame betray'd
The virgin feet of ELOISA ſtray'd;
By me her heart to each impreſſion warm
Of fatal love receiv'd the laſting form:
And if ſuch hymns as ſeraphs would repeat,
Such tears as ſhould have waſh'd a Saviour's feet,

Sighs

Sighs whoſe pure breath a Magdalen might own,
Not yet ſuffice her frailties to atone—
Still let a wretch whom more than human woe
Hath rent ſo long from all he lov'd below,
Ere clos'd unwept his ſolitary ſpan
The ſtain of manhood, and the ſcorn of man;
Ere ſtay'd the pang, that never felt a pauſe—
Forget his own to plead a dearer cauſe!

O welcome ſhowers, that lend a late relief,
Whoſe balm allays the bitter draught of grief!
The ſocial tear does ELOISA join,
And throbs her heart in ſympathy with mine?
Congenial cares might equal meaſure keep,
And one ſad hour behold us kneel and weep.

Nor

Nor this at leaſt the world-abjuring vow,
Nor faith, that walks with Heaven, can diſallow,
(Who not th' Eternal Will preſumes to ſcan,
But feels, and owns the brother in the man.)
That ere the fate, which mark'd our mutual doom,
With pitying hand unbar the friendly tomb,
The pallid cheek of ABELARD may reſt
A moment's ſpace on ELOISA's breaſt,
The common miſchiefs of his life repair,
And paint in DEATH the fruits of EARTHLY CARE.

NOTE.

NOTE.

FOR the beſt account of the lives of ABELARD and ELOISA I wiſh to refer the reader to that prefixed to the two pocket volumes in French, which contain ſeveral elegant tranſlations of Mr. Pope's epiſtle; it being founded on the moſt authentic teſtimonies, and diveſted of thoſe circumſtances, which have given to every other the air of a romance.

As it appears from hence, that theſe lovers had a ſon, the time of whoſe death is unknown, and who is not once mentioned in their correſpondence, it may not be amiſs to take notice of a manuſcript now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and tranſcribed in the year 1620 from one more antient, under the title of *Verſus Petri Abailardi ad filium Aſtrolabium*. "Verſes of Abelard to his ſon Aſtrolabius."

The beginning relates to his ſtudies, in which the ſon is cautioned rather to uſe his learning to regulate his own conduct in life, than to aim at celebrity by inſtructing others: The latter part relates to his intercourſe with the fair ſex; in which points ABELARD may be ſuppoſed to have been from his own experience principally intereſted on his account.

It muſt however be confeſſed, that though the language is pure, and the flow of the diſtichs tolerably ſmooth, it has little elſe, but the heads of advice mentioned above, to give it any relation to the celebrated name to whom it is aſcribed.

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